

"You are a wise woman, Madge, and I am glad you told me, but you need not mention this to anyone else."

"No fear of that. You saved my life. I should have died in that vile hole if you hadn't taken me out—and Tom Cronch knows it. He got my money, the rascal—and he'd be glad if I was dead."

"So he's taking his revenge by spying on me, is he?"

"And then he tells the news to your enemies."

"Have I got any enemies, Madge?"

"Yes, lots of them. Some say you are a fool—we are all fools—every one of us. Still you were good to me when other folks were bad—and they shan't touch you if Madge can help it:

But the villain that spies
And tells nothing but lies
And robs you whenever he can,
Is as wicked a hound
As ever was found
Since the earth was cursed by a man,

"And beware, Mr. MacKenzie, beware—for my uncle's a villain if ever there was one."

Then she made a sweeping curtsy, glanced again suspiciously round the room and, cautiously opening the door, ran down the path to the street.

Instead of returning by the way she came, Madge slipped along a narrow lane; then crossed a couple of blocks and, in a round-about way, finally reached her home.